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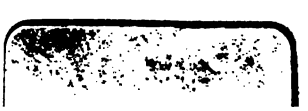

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OUT AT LAST!

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

———*Procumbit humi Bos.* VIRGIL.

" He's down! amid SAINT STEPHEN's walls,
" The mighty Beaſt in Thunder falls."

THE SIXTH EDITION.

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OUT AT LAST;

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

PROËMIUM.

SOME time ago the LYRIC PETER,
With much ſublimity of metre,
Did propheſy a MINISTER would *tumble!*
To verify the POET's ode,
Behold it pleaſeth MAN and GOD,
In anger, his HIGH MIGHTINESS to humble!
Good Man! but not the MAN of Ross;
He's down! *procumbit humi Bos.*

How like unto a crow, or rook,
Shot near his neſt (a mortal wound),
He hung and bled, with downcaſt look,
Before he ſous'd at laſt to ground!

Yes! like thoſe *black* birds much too long we ſaw
The Culprit hanging by a ſingle claw.

What a vile bramble he has been,
May now with half an eye be ſeen.—
Look at us!—What poor ſhiv'ring ſheep, alack!
Naked and lank—moſt cloſely ſhorn!
This hooking, dragging Imp, has torn
The healthful, warming fleece from every back!
Gone! gone ſome good-for-nothing ribs to treat;
But woe to that poor ſheep which dar'd to *bleat!*

Sing, HEAVENLY MUSE, to whom our wool all goes:—
To warm DUNDAS, LONG, WYNDHAM, CANNING, ROSE,
Old LIVERPOOL and CUB, with each compeer.—
While *they* carouſing ſwill'd their toaſt and *ſack*,
We bit, in anguiſh, muſty bread and black,
And writhing got the gripes from dead ſmall-beer.

"Try

" Try PITT again," ſome fools exclaim.
He has been *tried*, and *tried*, and *tried*—
The hobbling NATION, ſtill more lame,
Has now nor crutch, nor aſs to ride.
" He'll *mend*," they roar.—*He mend!* the MUMMER—
Aye, mend juſt like ſour ale in ſummer.

Lo, then, our ſad STATE-CARPENTER diſmiſs'd!
No longer now his bungling *art* befools:
Yet from the ſervice when the man was hiſs'd,
Why leave behind his BUDGET and his TOOLS?

Glad as a bird that 'ſcapes the kite, I'll drop
The lamentations of poor JEREMIAH;
Of gay Pindarics open a freſh ſhop,
And pour the ſong of triumph with ISAIAH.

READER, in this my LYRIC ODE,
I imitate a MAN of GOD;
That POET of ſublimity, ISAIAH:
A man of quality, of note;
Of arms poſſeſſing a *rich coat*;
A Brother to the great KING AZARIAH.

Lord! how the POET did *beſpatter*
The Babylonian Monarch with his ſatire!
Were *I* to talk ſo of a *Britiſh King*,
What were my fate? Alas! a ſtring!
Not *ſtring*, dear Reader, that the *ſhoulder decks*;
But *ſtring* that twines at Newgate round our *necks*.

ODE

ODE OF TRIUMPH.

TOSSING poor ENGLISHMEN in ſcorn,
The BULL no more exalts his horn!
Thank God, the BEAST is put at laſt to pound!
And that he never may get out,
To make another curſed rout,
Forms many a hearty pray'r and wiſh profound.

What! is there not *one* ſong of ſorrow,
One tear of pity?—Let me ſay,
There's neither dirge nor tear *to-day*,
Whatever there may be *to-morrow*.
Nay, cannons roar applauſe—the bells are ringing—
And EARTH, rejoicing, breaketh into ſinging.

No more he turns the burning globe;
But on a dunghill, juſt like JOB,

Scratching, ſurveys his melancholy plight!
No more with HAL, his chum, to booze,'
And for the State's ſalvation ſnooze,
He bids the Clarets and Champaigns good night.

But hark! OLD ENGLAND's GENIUS ſings!
(Sounds that will pierce the ears of Kings)
" Harpoon'd art thou at laſt, thou flound'ring porpoiſe—
" Thou who haſt ſwallow'd all my rights,
" Gobbling the *mightieſt* juſt like mites—
" Devouring like a ſprat my *Habeas Corpus*."

" THOU, who didſt bind my ſons in chains,
" And nearly beatedſt out their brains,
" For fear their wrath might kindle riot;
" And, after binding them in chains,
" And nearly beating out their brains,
" Didſt cry—'How tame they lie, poor things! how quiet!'

" Thou

" Thou who didſt groaning Priſoners keep
" In Cold-bath Fields, like hapleſs ſheep
" Whom horrid butchers mean to ſlay;
" Where ARIS with his iron rod,
" The PLUTO of the dark abode,
" Roaſted and broil'd in cook-like way
" The victims of his pow'r and pride,
" And damn'd them all before they *died*.

" Art thou the Caitiff, with imperious frown,
" Who o'er the BARD didſt hold thy hempen ſtring;
" Threat'ning to hang him, if, to pleaſe the town,
" He dar'd to ſmile or wink at Q— or K—;
" Or dar'd (no matter how divine the Songs)
" To chaunt of Dumplings, Sheep, or PARSON YOUNGS;
" To mention kine and corn, and FAMINE's groans;
" Record wit Royal, and crack jokes on Thrones?"

Bold

Bold haſt thou ſaid, " Supreme I'll prate—
" I *will* be Miniſter of State,
" And ſwill from night to morn the Nation's wine:
" I *will* get drunk with honeſt HAL:
" The bottle my dear conſtant Baal,
" I'll daily kneel and hiccup at his ſhrine.

" Snoring upon the State-machine
" My DROWSY BROTHER ſhall be ſeen,
" Who from his cradle never heard the *Lark.*
" I grant the man the wheels will *clog*,
" Lazy as *Ludlam*'s lazy dog,
" That held his head againſt the wall to *bark.*

" His noſe may like the bull-frog roar—
" The STATE ſhall pay him for the *ſnore.*

" I'll

" I'll buffet OPPOSITION's waves:

" I have my creatures and my ſlaves;

" For any borough will I bring my man in:

" The pooreſt that crawls I'll raiſe,

" To yield his incenſe-pot of praiſe,

" From Greek-mouth'd BELGRAVE to lame-Latin CANNING.

" I'll penſion any fool or knave;

" The Nation's pocket, my poor ſlave,

" Shall open, nor dare make a pother—

" GIFFORD, that crooked Babe of Grace,

" And CANNING too, ſhall be in place,

" And get a penſion for his Mother.

Lame-Latin CANNING.]—This *Gentleman* was *raviſhed* from his Oppoſition-*Friends* on account of *ſuppoſed extraordinary* talents. A completer *take-in* of the *Knowing-ones* was never more laughably experienced amongſt the Black-legs of the Turf. His "*Iter* ad MEC-" CAM," for the Univerſity Prize, exhibited *ſuch* proofs of ideas and ſcholarſhip as put the poor DEAN of Chriſt-Church to the bluſh. The *firſt* effort was condemned to the flames, though it obtained the Prize: the *ſecond* was a cobbled piece of work between Mr. CANNING and SOMEBODY of Chriſt-Church, which with *difficulty* paſſed *muſter*.

" Ev'n Gr—v—r's Cobbler ſhall come forth,

" And hammer to the world my worth—

" Come

G—v—r's *Cobbler.*]—This is a moſt *extraordinary* fellow, ſpeculatively virtuous, and practically wicked—for ever bellowing in the cauſe of Religion and Morals, yet in the daily practice of every thing that ſhould fix him at the cart's-tail.—To juſtify the above aſſertions, accept, Reader, a *ſmall* ſketch of his life, and bluſh for the depravity of HUMAN NATURE! Taken from a Cobbler's Stall at Aſhburton, a little town in Devonſhire, by Mr. COOKESLY, a Surgeon of that place, who miſtook the *itch of rhyme* for the *inſpiration* of the MUSES, he was, by a ſubſcription of the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, placed at a Grammar School, and afterwards ſent to Exeter College—At this College, after his daily occupations of tolling the bell, waiting at dinner, and lighting the candles, he amuſed himſelf with writing ſcandalous lampoons on the Heads of the College, as well as other reſpectable characters of the Univerſity—Noticed however by a Clergyman, he was introdueed to Earl G. who ſoon found an *honourable employment* for him, luckily for his Lordſhip's pleaſures, and fortunately *congenial* to the diſpoſition of GIFFORD.—In a little time he tripped up the heels of his Oxford Friend, ouſted him from the houſe of G— by lying inſinuations, and publicly triumphed in his ſucceſs.—His next glorious action was to ſend a caſt-off Strumpet of his L—dſh—p to the Widow of his old Friend COOKESLY, who, for a livelihood, kept a creditable Boarding-ſchool.—She was recommended by *Gifford* as a *modeſt* young Lady, for education, which *modeſt young Lady*, in a few months, betrayed her old Cyprian propenſities, and very expeditiouſly *blaſted* the School:—this was the ſubject of another triumph. To continue his progreſs in infamy with an equal ſplendour, he ſeduced a beautiful and innocent girl, called

MARY

" Come hobbling forth without one bluſh of ſhame,

" With heeltaps, toe-caps, ſoles for worn-out FAME."

I'll

MARY WEEKS, a native of Aſhburton. Under the pretence of marrying her, a fellow with a ſurplice was prepared to execute this nefarious matter; the ſham ceremony was performed, the poor girl was ruined; and after ſatiety had taken place with her infamous ſeducer, ſhe was ſent back to Aſhburton, where ſhe pined and died of a broken heart!!! To ſupport the *credit* of his paſt achievements, he publiſhed a moſt dirty and ſcandalous Poem, called "The Aſhburtoniad," abuſing all his old and reſpectable Benefactors. Previouſly to the above act, he had obtained an ample ſubſcription for a Tranſlation of the Satires of Juvenal, which (happily for the Public, and paper, and print) he never performed.—To accommodate his MÆCENAS, he keeps a *creature* as a Decoy-duck, and has actually ſent her to neceſſitous young women of beauty and innocence, under the pretext of learning to *read* and *write*.—Such are *parts* of his life—HUNC, *tu Romane, caveto, hic niger eſt*.—It muſt not however be forgotten, that, for his atrocious calumnies, he was lately cudgelled in *one* WRIGHT's ſhop, a poor ignorant and pains-taking Bookſeller in Piccadilly; and, in ſpite of the moſt ſolemn and tender proteſtations of his own head and ſhoulders, he with an unprecedented effrontery denied the fact; and, notwithſtanding a meſſage, informing him that he was cudgelled, moſt *ſoundly* cudgelled, and that he ſhould be cudgelled again in order to *oblige* him, by producing a *complete conviction*, he had not the manners to anſwer the civility.

He continues in his favourite occupation of adminiſtering as Jackall to the conſtantly watering chops of the toothleſs Old Lion. To uſe another figure, he is ſtill his *Lordſhip's Gamekeeper*, and guards the plump little *partridges* (which are exceedingly numerous on *all* his Lordſhip's Manors),

" I'll hire each proſtituted Muſe,

" For mags, for newspapers, reviews;

" I'll pay the ballad-ſinger's throat for praiſe:

" My

nors) with ſo much laudable aſſiduity from *Poachers*, that he has been amply and *gratefully* remunerated with an *honourable annuity* from GOVERNMENT!!!

As for Mr. GIFFORD's rhymes, they will appear extraordinary to ſuch Readers (and they are not a few) as prefer bombaſt to ſublimity. Bombaſt is the idol of the VULGAR—To *ſuch*, the *attic ſimplicity* appears arrant *inſipidity*—the *vulgar eye* is ſooner faſcinated by the ſtiff, ſtaring cabbage-roſe brocade of the *Harlot*, than the modeſt and ſnowy robe of INNOCENCE. The ear of the *true* Critic diſtinguiſhes with facility the difference between the melliſluous tones of the Lyre of Apollo and the hard, ponderous ſounds of the hammered Lap-ſtone. To indulge a Greek quotation from Proclus on Plato, without offence to his Pupil, the *learned* Lord BELGRAVE, Mr. WILLIAM GYFFORD is—Ἰδιωτης ἐν Φιλοσοφοις, Φιλοσοφος δὲ ἐν Ἰδιωταὶς—which I tranſlate thus: " He is a Poet with Poetaſters, and a Poetaſter with Poets." So much inequality pervades his verſe, that the FACULTY would pronounce his MUSE afflicted with the rickets. Still, to do him every juſtice, his various verſes are very *well* for a *Cobbler*; they muſt undoubtedly ſmell of the ſtall.

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu———

So ſingeth Horace, who, one would think, had peeped into futurity, and penned the happy line for poor CRISPIN.

So far from originality of thought and a luxuriance of imagery in his lines, there reigns a pitiable famine: aukward and obſcure inverſions,

" My viſage (hatchet-like, indeed!)

" In ſhops the gaping mob ſhall feed—

" My name on rails ſhall grace the King's highways;

ſions, with a verboſe pompoſity, form the leading features of almoſt every couplet. Indeed, it were cruel to expect *more*. Sprung from a dunghill, and *old* before he was charitably taken from his ſtall, at the ſame time totally deſtitute of the poetical character, what could a few ſcraps of Latin and Greek do for an object whoſe ſole powers lay within the circumſcribed ſpace of a rhyme? A Riddle in the LADY's DIARY—an Acroſtic in a NEWSPAPER—an abuſive Stanza in the ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW, or a Criticiſm in the BRITISH CRITIC (equal, perhaps, to thoſe of poor paralytic PARSON NARES, a moſt feeble pillar of that falling fabric, and lately ſent for a maintenance to that idle and expenſive *Toyſhop* of the Nation, called the BRITISH MUSEUM)—form at preſent his amuſement. At the Houſe of GR—V—R he experiences a prodigality of praiſe. But his LORDSHIP and his LADIES are better qualified for writing the hiſtory of *Paphos* than *Parnaſſus*.

On the appearance of this *Gentleman*'s laſt *lying* publication, which was in ſome meaſure anſwered by the *argumentum baculinum*, I entertained thoughts of a *formal execution* of the felon, in a ſolemn poetical epiſtle; but, on reflexion, thinking him beneath the dignity of ſuch an exhibition, I determined to *hang him* in a *note*.

For, ſhould the *Muſe*'s ſatire bid him die,
The GODDESS really *guillotines a Fly:*

Before I conclude, it may not be unacceptable to my Readers to be informed that his L-dſh-p ſometimes *kills his own mutton*—hunts without

" And travellers, whether they may ride or walk,
" Read '*Pitt for ever!*' in broad-flaring chalk.

" I'll place the CAPETS on the throne,
" And France her *worthy* Kings ſhall own;
" And BONAPARTE ſoon my rage ſhall feel;
" Crouch to my whip, whoſe laſh ſhall bring
" The daring Corſican, poor thing,
" Juſt like a whining ſpaniel to my heel."

Oft haſt thou ſaid, with ſcowling eye,
" The world I hate, diſdain, defy;
" I value

out his Jackall—and ſucceeds. Witneſs the following little genuine epiſtle:

' DEAR G——,

' I am in luck to-day—ſprung a fine covey amongſt a parcel ' of brambles. Take care of the plump little bird that bears this ' letter—clean her and comb her well, cut her nails cloſe, and put ' her to bed. ' G——.'

" I value neither Commoner nor Peer:
" He who attacks me, dearly pays:
" A man muſt have, the Proverb ſays,
" Good iron nails that ſcratches with a Bear.

" Art *Thou* the MAN who *bilk'd* poor PAUL,
" Who ſent his bears, the dev'l and all,
" To fight in BRITAIN's cauſe ſo hearty?
" Art *thou* the Man (whom nothing ſhames),
" Who made his *Office Clerks* call names,
" And fling their dirt at BONAPARTE?

Bold haſt thou ſaid, with dauntleſs *ſoul*,
" *I'll* damn the motion on *Ferrol*;
" No matter whether cowardice or not:
" Whatever was the crying ſin,
" SIR JAMES ſhall ſleep in a whole ſkin—
" HAL ſays too, PULTENEY muſt not go to *pot*.

" The

" The long-mock'd world may roar—" Where's *shame?*"
" Thank heaven! we only know the *name.*

" *Such* are my minions," thou art pleas'd to ſay;
" What ill they *do*, is quickly *done away:*
" *Such* (ſo ſecure is ev'ry culprit's lot)
" Muſt make *ſtrong int'reſt* to get hang'd or ſhot."

Thou, in thine inſolence, haſt ſaid,
" At ME the world ſhall cow'r afraid;
" Old GANGES humbly at my feet ſhall flow;
" MOGUL, NIZAM, and RAJAH bend;
" Slave-like, their humble tribute ſend,
" And learn from ME their future fates to know.
" Thoſe dare not call my hard decrees unjuſt,
" But kiſs the foot that ſtamps them in the duſt.

" IND

" IND ſhall her ſtreams Pactolean pour;
" On *petticoats* her di'monds ſhow'r,
" And *ſtomachers* and *caps*, the *courtly* things:
" Th'*unchriſtian* TURK his gems ſhall ſend—
" His trembling tottering turban rend,
" To grace the beaver'd brows of *Chriſtian* Kings.
" PERU ſhall gild St. JAMES's walls and doors;
" And ravag'd MEXICO emblaze the floors."

Bold haſt thou ſaid—" I'll *curb* the P—;
" His bleeding mouth ſhall ſorely *wince*;
" I value not his birth, his pride, his ſtate:
" O'er Y—KE triumphant too I'll tow'r;
" And CL—CE ſhall not boaſt the pow'r
" To make a Gunner, or a Gunner's *mate*."

Such of Britannia's GENIUS is the ſong!
Now let the BARD the theme purſue,
And, with an equal ſpirit too,
In thunder drive the MUSE's car along.

Poeta loquitur.

Bold haſt thou ſworn—" The MUSE I'll check;
" Each, with a halter round her neck,
" Shall ſing with trembling, trembling dread;
" Nay, ſhould APOLLO's ſong be ſharp,
" And on my power and glory harp,
" Off goes at once the fellow's head:

" I'll make a puddle of their ſtreams,
" That give the BARDS their pretty dreams;

" And

" And through the tuneful ſhades ſhall ſtray
" *My* Jack-aſſes, to graze and bray."

Thou 'rt an abominable branch:
No more ſhalt thou enjoy a haunch—
No more with HARRY booze from night to morn—
The Hackneymen, to thy amaze,
Shall cry, " My money for my chaiſe;
" The money, Sir, to pay for hay and corn!
" Come, Sir, I know what's what, and *who* is *who*;
" I'll truſt no longer—d-mn me, if I *do*."

See

My Jack-aſſes.]—The MATHIASES, the GIFFORDS, the B—'s, the C—'s, &c. &c. Will it be credited that an Adminiſtration ſo feeble ſhould not have ſelected *one tolerable literary pillar* to ſupport its imbecility? Where was HUNTSMAN-WYNDHAM's judgment, when he made choice of hounds to run down OPPOSITION? Heavens bleſs us! Not one decent dog in the pack—neither *noſe* nor *ſpeed!*—abſolutely a parcel of *yelping Curs!*

Obey thy mandate, and applaud thy wit?
Unnotic'd thou ſhalt lonely ride,
Attended only by thy *pride*,
That never, never yet forſook a PITT.

Cur-like ſhalt thou walk in and out,
Unnotic'd at her *GRACE's rout!
Unnotic'd, down thy throat, her paſtry poke:
No bumpkin, no poor country wight,
Shall, ſtealing near with curious ſight,
Watch if thy jaw-bones wag like thoſe of common folk!

GEORGE ROSE's Papers ſhall turn tail—
Expoſe thy blunders, ſtorm and rail,
And ope of calumny the dirty ſprings;
While Anti-Jacobin Reviews
Shall cull the literary ſtews
For *flowers* to deck the COUNSELLOR of Kings.

Each

* The jolly and hoſpitable DUCHESS of GORDON.

Each Newspaper that took delight
To make thee, like the ſnow-ball, white,
Will paint thee now as black as hell:
No more thy *voice angelic* hail,
But give thee horn, and hoof, and tail,
With CERBERUS's frightful yell!—
Paint thee a damned ſpirit from below,
Rais'd by ſome Wizard for the Nation's woe.

Lo! thou art ſprawling in the dirt!
The *Mob* their wanton jokes will ſpirt!—
Behold a ſable CHIMNEY-SWEEP appear!
And hark! a SCAVENGER, with eyes
Sparkling with rapture and ſurpriſe,
Exclaims—"Ah, MASTER BILLY, are you *there?*"
Then, anxious to reward thee, on they ruſh,
One with his *broom*, and t'other with his *bruſh!*

Hark!

Hark! AUTHORS braying round thee crowd,
And AUTHORESSES cry aloud—
"Villain! to wage a war with all the Muſes!"
And lo, the PRINTERS' Devils appear!
With ink thy viſage they beſmear,
While each in turn indignantly abuſes;
And more their pris'ner to diſgrace,
They empt the pelt-pot in thy face!
Roaring, around thee as they caper,
"Take that, my boy, for Tax on Paper!"

And lo, with anger HARDY glows!
The Man of Leather, with delight,
Runneth his *awl* into thy noſe,
And ſtirrups thee with all his might.

"He

The pelt-pot.]—An utenſil amongſt Printers, containing a certain ſtale fluid for the benefit of the balls.

" He wants *much mending*, d-mn my eyes!"
The punning Son of Criſpin cries—
" The ſhoe quite rotten—yes, the whole—
" Quite vaniſh'd every bit of *ſole*."

And, ſee! the GIRLS around thee throng—
" Art *thou* the Wight, thus ſtretch'd along,
" An enemy well known to Wives and Miſſes?
" Art *thou* the man who doſt not care
" For oglings, ſqueezes of the FAIR;
" Nay, makeſt up *wry mouths* at woman's kiſſes?"—
Then ſhall the NYMPHS apply their birchen rods,
And baſte thee worſe than PETER PINDAR's Odes.

And ſee poor PADDY with his pole!
" By Jaſus now, I'll *twig* his jowl,
" For leaving us poor Chriſtians in the lurch:

" Open your jaw-bones, Maſter Knave—

" Where be the promiſes ye gave,

" To give a bit of ſhove to MOTHER CHURCH?

" To a good market, faith! our [illegible]*braught*—

" And ſo we're dead, and kill'd, and murder'd, all for

" *naught!*"

The CATS ſhall ſpit at thee!—and, hark!

The CURS in yelling concert bark.

The Cats exclaim—" Our mice with famine moan!

" Not *one* fat mouſe is to be had!"

" Aye," cry the Curs, and what's more ſad,

" *We* cannot now obtain a well-pick'd bone!"

O FURCIFER—no, LUCIFER I mean—

How art thou fall'n! fall'n from the *ſtarry* ſphere!

Kick'd from the preſence of the K. and Q.—

From Burgundy, from Claret, to ſmall beer!

That

That feature of thy face call'd *noſe*,
Which now with many a ruby glows,
Shall loſe, alas! its wonted fire!
The Claret-luſt ſhall expire!
For POVERTY's pale fingers ſoon pick out
The bluſhing rubies of the richeſt ſnout.

The meaneſt of the mean ſhall ſcoff,
And cry, "I'm glad the fellow's off!"
The Taylor leaps in rapture from his board;
The Cobbler throws his ſhoe away;
The Waſherwoman flings her tray;
The Shoeblack drops his bruſh, and thanks the Lord:
To pot-houſes they run with loud acclaim,
To get more joyful news from GOSSIP FAME.

Fox, on thy fall, with ſcorn muſt look;
And pointed SHERIDAN and TOOKE

Will

Will make thee tingle with the laſh of wit:
The pooreſt reptile of the Houſe,
The vileſt little Borough Louſe,
Will ſcratch and bite the back of BILLY PITT.

And HE, of whom the MUSES brag,
From his ſtretch'd jaws ſhall pull the gag,
And vengeful to thy head ſhall give it wing:
Then ſhall he cry, with dauntleſs looks,
" I'll go again amongſt the COOKS,
" And tell *more* pretty tales of Q— and K—."

And HE.]—My very *identical* and *numerical* SELF, whoſe *innocent* and improving rhymes falling ſome years ſince in the way of an irritable and offended Baſhaw, gave birth to an Act of Parliament vowing vengeance on the *Wight* that ſhould, by any proſe or poetical anatomy, dare exhibit the inſide of Heads Royal.

THE END.

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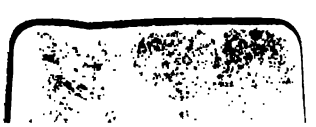
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